22

MY glaſſe ſhall not perſwade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrwes I behould,
Then look I death my daies ſhould expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the ſeemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy breſt doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy ſelfe ſo wary,
As I not for my ſelfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe ſo chary
As tender nurſe her babe from faring ill,
Preſume not on thy heart when mine is ſlaine,
Thou gau'ſt me thine not to giue backe againe.

23

AS an vnperfect actor on the ſtage,
Who with his feare is put beſides his part,
Or ſome fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whoſe ſtrengths abondance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of truſt, forget to ſay,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues ſtrength ſeeme to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And domb preſagers of my ſpeaking breſt,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tonge that more hath more expreſt.
O learne to read what ſilent loue hath writ,
To heare with eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

24

MIne eye hath play'd the painter and hath ſteeld,
Thy beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perſpectiue it is beſt Painters art.
For through the Painter muſt you ſee his skill,

To finde where your true Imag
Which in my boſomes ſhop is h
That hath his windowes glaze
Now ſee what good-turnes ey
Mine eyes haue drawne thy ſh
Are windowes to my breſt, wh
Delights to peepe, to gaze ther
Yet eyes this cunning want
They draw but what they ſee

25

LEt thoſe who are in fauor
Of publike honour and pro
Whilſt I whome fortune of ſuc
Vnlookt for ioy in that I hono
Great Princes fauorites their fa
But as the Marygold at the ſun
And in them-ſelues their pride
For at a frowne they in their gl
The painefull warrier famoſed
After a thouſand victories once
Is from the booke of honour ra
And all the reſt forgot for whic
Then happy I that loue and
Where I may not remoue, no

26

LOrd of my loue, to whome
Thy merrit hath my dutie ſ
To thee I ſend this written amb
To witneſſe duty, not to ſhew
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo po
May make ſeeme bare, in wanti
But that I hope ſome good con
In thy ſoules thought (all naked
Til whatſoeuer ſtar that guides
Points on me gratiouſly with f
And puts apparrell on my totte

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Sonnets* LONDON, 1609 THE GRENVILLE LIBRARY, THE BRITISH LIBRARY